

The Idle and Untimeous Observer

By

STEPHANUS FABIJANOVIC

PRICE 15c

The Idle and Untimeous Observer

By

STEPHANUS FABIJANOVIC

Price 15c

**751 West 16th St.,
Los Angeles
California
1917**

The Idle and Untimeous Observer

A MOST CURIOUS TYPE, CALLED PASSION'S BAD-LOOK!

Born from monstrous circumstances as a necessity against all well-organized tyranny, the supporters of which never wished it, and hence look upon it as thoroughly despicable and beneath notice. Passion's Bad-Look is regarded as the lowest type of modern society. All these unscrupulous and impertinent actions, matters not, and even the modern birth-control method, can do nothing against. Fundamentally despised, it is endowed with all the lowest vices and yet still fit for eternal life, regardless whatever might come on the long road to eternity. To judge it from this viewpoint, it is fearless beyond measure. No scholar ever dared to attempt to describe it, and yet it is the real scare-crow of this planet. That is characteristic, but not falsified!

To mark Passion's Bad-Look psychology is almost an impossibility, because it is regarded illiterate and worthless for any descriptive purpose. It is individual without any organization and yet manyfold to shake the whole society. For centuries it was tortured with the worst tyranny to destroy it, but all efforts failed. The more tyranny upon it, the more vigorously the type appeared! At last it was subjugated between two religions, seven nationalities, six different governments, but then even it remained so malicious, that it disbelieved the instinctive trust in itself! That made this curious type inconsistent, and it shattered all logic to pieces. Therefore it is in its own character quite different as the Old-Greek philosopher, who still intended to find an honest man, and this well calculated secrecy reminded the type of its own cunningness, which serves it for a well-marked purpose. That deliberate calculation opened the road to the whole universe, and in these well reserved back-thoughts lay: the real enjoyment of the most furious rampantness! That shows only: how much life-power the type has!

Therefore it has no time for celebration of any idol or person, except its own secret thoughts, which it can trust to nobody! This significant fact brings it indescriptive isolation, and it goes rampantly from place to place. So might pass fifty years. Then it is reminded of some curious circumstances of a grammar, and the type goes to school like a boy, but not ashamed of such an action. The necessity as a fundamental base is its secret investigation of present psychology!

Some people question themselves about the real meaning of this most curious type, but any answer does not serve the intended purpose. That excludes it from a long raving argumentation, and on account of that, it

saves time and power: for instant action! That marks our newly discovered curiosity as a warrior of a prolonged war, which it likes better than a cowardly peace! Cause for it: it enjoys the sight of everybody's move in the duty for or against life! Foundation for this: there is here only action and reaction! **Choose!!!**

To sum up its wishes, it does not seek monumental popularity, except: its own rampant life! To satisfy its thirst for such a peculiar likeness, it knows to disguise and mingle with everybody! That serves it for an intentional purpose! To be a spy against a well organized tyranny is not the worst thing in this earthly life! Somebody has to pave for the **FUTURE!**

To bring this type into the current history, it is well acquainted with the long years whip of a well-organized tyranny, and therefore it knows to guard its own convinced conscience! That makes it peevish, and it endures the worst imaginable tyranny! Not to circumscribe many of them, I will mention the last one. The organized society as represented in Berlin Congress of the year 1878, ordered a complete destruction of our newly discovered type. In two little provinces it was mercilessly slaughtered, and after four years of terrible fighting put under martial rule, which lasted for thirty years! But even this drastic measure did not shatter its fearless nerve. In between the type got ready for an underground war to a finish: against the collective tyranny! The secret concatenation worked excellently, because the effort was clearly seen! Soon the well-organized society shattered itself, and in meantime the type got busy! It just molded some thoughts for his enemy as: **Dedication!**

In midst of that indescribable massacre it put itself in marble, and appeared in London Exposition in the year 1915. Around were standing gapingly, the soldier, statesman, clergyman, and the collective bourgeoisie of modern time, but they did not know: what to do with the bust! It called for action, and yet only marble! That was too funny for all, and irritated them! Society did not make a move! Now watch the type!!!—January, 1917.

SLAVERY!

After I had studied, investigated, and analyzed this tremendous system, I came to a very funny conclusion.. I find that everybody misconceives the conception of words, and therefore each one remains in misunderstood information about the general as well as his own personal life. Here I am confronted with a difficult task, but I dare not collapse and lose my willingness for further investigation. Like a flashlight from a dark cloud came to me these thoughts. There are in our well organized society ninety-nine per cent well-drilled people, who willingly acknowledge the hereditary conclusions about personal life and its happiness. Each one in his own well-drilled calculation thinks how to get something for nothing, or an easy life on somebody else's account! With this well-constructed trick of personal preconception, each one rushes independ-

ently on his own individual imagined secret road, where each hopes to see, approach, and if the selected opportunity allows, grasp the forced hereditary dream called personal happiness, that generally shows itself in a beautiful long curly-haired goat. Fundamentally doubting, each one is aware of some shadowy uncertainty, which drives to a fortification of strong thoughts for greatest suffering, which seems inevitable on this craggy road, which should lead the individual to a well pleased future. The more they strive, the better they come to an understanding of their futile undertaking. That strikes them hard, and desperation comes upon them. Ashamed of such unexpected thoughts they stand aghast and are horrified at the spectacle before them, but would rather suffer still more than change their course and confess the truth to their neighbors about the futile undertaking. With all their tremendous suffering they sing and appear jolly, and crack jokes whenever they have an opportunity. But the general situation remains. Here would be good some advisement: but how to get it is a twisted puzzle! One is more boastful than the other, and the ignorance leads a dirgeful manifestation!

For how many centuries they went this way, no history can report. At once somewhere, somehow, somebody caught an approaching drift of an ideal, about an organization. All at once these pouring ideas seemed a mighty weapon, with which could be made possible to strangle the rest of the unorganized individuals. These thoughts started good, and soon an organization was composed, which worked wonderfully. Many and many of the lonesome going individuals were indeed strangled, and put out of road. They harassed like brutes, but and in spite of such brutal action they felt happy and even boasted of their deeds. But at the same time somewhere else was the same deed done, and then followed a tremendous struggle, namely: an organization tried to strangle the other!

For how many centuries this grotesque fight went on, nobody knows! To observe this closely and such an obstinate struggle, one can easily see that some kind of sharpness of mind developed. This put a few individuals on their guard, but living for centuries in chained deprivation which forced to digest the unscrupulous sayings about hereditary dream, the task was almost too strong, for an undertaking against such a monster system. Nevertheless one or other individual undertook the guarding of his own conviction on recognition and responsibility, and told flatly to his neighbor whatever he knew about corruption in the whole system. That did not bear good fruit, and a rigorous persecution followed each malefactoring culprit! This was the beginning of the real devils' dance, otherwise known as INTOLERANCE!

Indeed, when I look at the history, I see again that this shameless action holds on for centuries. With this well-marked stipulation one can observe the present society and see what is going on. Here is still the individual rigorously persecuted. Jails, insane asylums and hospitals are filled to overflowing. Not discouraged through such distasteful situation, again one or the other dares to undertake the guarding of his own convicted conscience, and clear the mind from hereditary unscrupulosity! Then there began a mighty and prolonged talk about a new organization,

which should relieve the sufferings of all and bring general happiness to all! That's very nice for the ears to hear, but the weather changes quickly, and that causes a mix-up in the already whirling mentality!

To come to the end with this whirling Maelstrom, I can say: There is no organization which has any other viewpoint than the profit from the individual, because: **no one asks who pays, so long as it gets its part of the profit!** On such a shameless proposition the individual is sacrificed, and I call such a system **SLAVERY!** The first BOSS is the first **SLAVE!** That shows me that the individual lacks personal action, because there is still the old impertinent and forced thoughts of provincial wisdom for individual **HAPPINESS!** Make it as you would like to make your own happiness, you can't be happy so long as you intend to make your happiness on somebody **else's account!** Think and calculate how you want, and there is **NO WAY OUT OF IT!!!** Even a great war or revolution cannot have enough power as to change the modification of such an impertinent and unscrupulous system. Just wait a while and get the proof yourself!—February, 1917.

???????????

Uncomfortable place. Turning over on the other side, but there too was the same old choking suffering, which suffocated my soul. Once more I had to investigate the cause, but the same old unbearable condition prevailed and no end in sight. Then as necessity to the earthly life I had awakened. Full of desperate fear I thought my blood stopped; my face paled; my long curly silken hair straightened like needles; the sensibility startled, and I wondered what happened to me! I only knew there was danger which called for immediate help. It was a puzzle which I could not solve so quickly. Before me a high cliff, and behind the tremendous wavering and terrible roaring sea; above pitch darkness, in which I seemed to see a little flickering light, which promised a safe port! Oh! for that little light! My conviction signified a rapidly growing danger, in which my destruction seemed inevitable. Where and how to save myself? That was the unavoidable question which I had dutifully and without a murmur to answer!

The wavering sea roared with a strong splashing sound; the growing tide threatened me with dumbness. In a moment I thought the cliff must collapse, but I preserved the security for myself. Cliff stood majestically, as for me that was another story. The high waves rolled back, but only to gain power for the next move, which came with a mighty force. All went like electric rapidity. At once my poor struck sensibility was struggling for the last commanding power, and the tongue whirled the cry: "Back!" and "Help!" As answer came from the melodious sea: "I or you, but I am stronger! Surrender, for the worst is coming!"

That I could not boastfully attack, and to run away was an impossibility. Unavoidably I had to take refuge to courage. So I prepared for momentary attack and strongly scrutinized that wonderfully arranged

display of splashing sea. Fortunately it seemed that that helped, because I was still safe. On my pretending imagination came from above, rapidly lightning thunder, which showed me how I stood. The cliff, I and the roaring sea were there. They did not change externally, but I was in a terrible grip: **there stood only my shadow!** Again the foaming sea roared, the thunder helped to uphold the melody of inevitable destruction. The tide grew rushingly, and with it came rolling gigantically a high wave; my savior! With it I reached the edge of the cliff; grasping the mushy weeds, and crawled upon it, as to catch the little flickering light! Astonished, I had to gaze: just above my finger's reach flickered the little light! Then only I noticed that my danger became worse than before, although, through the darkness and strongly moving heavy clouds penetrated the dawn with yellowish dark red colors. In midst of this grotesque display of gorgeous attraction the little light seemed to be the sun, but the pitch darkness prevailed! There could be seen nothing else than the little light! **Oh! what a wonderful flickering!**

At once I was thunderstruck with a curious sight. Millions of powerful hands rushed and pushed vigorously with a mighty roar. "Back up!" toward the little flickering light! Seeing this, and hearing that, I shivered and felt a thousand different kinds of sentimental emotions! I trembled and recognized that my danger was at the same point where it stood a while ago!

Before the cliff, and sea, I was in a circumstantial grip, but saved myself with an upspringing wave, and on mushy weeds. Here were millions of human beings, and still the old danger of destruction! The clouds, darkness, and penetrating dawn had held the atmosphere in their mighty grip; behind the cliff and sea that I knew; above me still flickered the little light, which I could not reach to save myself; ahead millions of mighty pushing hands, against which was renderless a speculative attack! Then only I saw my increasing danger, but still hoped to reach the safe port in that little light! Once more I stretched my hand, but all effort was in vain! Such is the life, but not the worst what is in reality!

Exhausted from endless struggle I longed for rest, but how to get it was a mystery. Then I saw how the little light burned, judged and scrutinized my soul, and no help in sight! That was a hard blow, which made me powerless even for gazing! There I slowly evaporated, diminishing to a black atom, but still condemned to live! The eternal life called: "Grasp the little light!" Once more I uplifted my moral power, gathered my sensibility and rushed ahead with a roar: "Help me catch that little light!" Then I saw and heard that which I had never witnessed before! They rushed ahead and cried: "Help yourself, then God will help you too! Don't try to contradict us! That little light made us already lots of trouble! Without it, we make far better business than with it! Convince yourself about the collectivity and act accordingly!"—????????—March, 1917.

FILIBUSTERERS IN OUR U. S. SENATE!

Cause is the moving part of an effect. Whenever we intend to investigate any disagreeable effect, we should be sincere enough to ourselves and try to find the cause. After this well-acknowledged information and significant fact, we have to investigate the meaning of the word "filibuster," and then the cause of becoming one. According to Webster's Dictionary the word means: To endeavor to defeat a measure or to lay legislation, by frivolous questions of order, motions to adjourn, etc., raised by the minority in order to weary the opposite party or to gain time. This explanation is almost equal to a traitor's act, because it is done very cunningly, which shows a distinct kinship to a well-carried bribery. To turn this suspicious calculation on our carefully selected senators, we wonder: Who could bribe them? There we gaze, and the solution becomes almost an impossibility. But to satisfy our eagerness in a difficult investigation, we are enforced to calm our flaming emotions, and push forward, so that we might be able to find the cause: How an individual becomes a filibuster? Right here we see and utter another question: Who is able to be one? That answer is easy: A mighty individual! This one is not made over night. So far we have to be truthful to our investigating sensibility, whenever we try to investigate the intellectuality of any man. That gives us some aim, which will lead us on a right road, where we can see and discover how people are aimless, and how they throw over their personal power of mentality on a concentrated point of customary institution. This one stipulates with "Might is Right!" the well-informed acquaintance of doing things on the people, which shows clearly to them, that without the acquaintance **no man can pretend to play the part of a mighty individual!** Therefore it takes some years till a man develops his power of **Might is Right!** That gives us a very good start, and we can proceed with leisure on our difficult investigation of a well-established filibuster!

Each one of our filibusterers in the United States Senate has his well-marked classification, based on his long years' uninterrupted work, which he did for the sake of customary institution. To go into details on each Senator's record would lead us to a prolonged argumentation, and therefore we have to close our investigation at one Senator. Out of this fact we can ascend the modified judgment of the other Senators, because fact rules the situation and does not allow exception!

La Follette from Wisconsin is one of the mightiest of the filibusterers. This mark of classification is good, but a question follows: What made him so mighty? Nothing else than his record. That is another start. His record shows us many and different varieties. Not to account for many of them, we want to take only one in our well-considered investigation. The seamen's bill was his well (if we may speak so!) nursed child, which grew to a mighty power. Let us see the cause of this, through long years nursed measure. Some people said that La Follette felt great sympathy for the overworked seamen: poor ones! With this significance approach us a very curious thing, which calls for cause, and with this we

find a question: What is "sympathy." Dictionary argues of compassion. As are strongly posted with observation on the cause of foundation, we are again confronted with a suspicious state, and have a new question: What kind of relative compassion a Senator (after we know that he is in service of customary institution!) can have with a gazing seaman who rocks eternally in the little basket on top of a waving mast? That signifies a marvelous suspicion of a "would-like-try" manifested pretension, which carries in its subconscience some kind of profitable purpose. At this moment we near another question: Could it be possible **that he was paid for his job and from whom?** That creates a mystery and makes our investigation difficult, and a very serious one, too! There is no mistake, and we want to keep that point of fact! **Selah!**

After such a result, we gladly drop further investigation on the filibuster! and intent to render a viewpoint as a well-founded decision. As members of a democratic government, we pledged our honor with consecrated sincerity to majority rule, and took an oath to punish any individual, who even tries to betray and break the common pledge. This well understood rule of our pledge is a sacred dedication to all and for our **Senators as well!!!** But and sincerely speaking, we stand here and are helpless, when such a case of filibustering comes to our knowledge. Such a situation creates a terrible sadness, which can bring very easily some kind of civil disarrangement. Here we deliberately stop, because the unveiling of our secret thoughts, becomes unbearable!!! We do not like to be called traitors! But the future will bring such a situation, where the last cue of the old-falsehood will be driven out of existence! Mark that!

March, 1917.

PAUPERIZED WOMAN'S FUTURE!

From the remote of the ancient fire-tenders up 'till the present modern housewife or machine tender, woman has mated for the express purpose of blossoming into a broader and more complete being. Many times her mating has narrowed her environment, because of her coming together with man for economic security, i. e., dependency: and to keep her more securely chained he completely pauperized her. Therefore: mating of human beings had descended today into the field of economics. Money determines whether the answer shall be: Yes or Not! Any one, be he or she scrofulous, ugly, without hair or teeth, may mate and buy the beautiful and strong without question, provided: money is there, at the bargain counter in abundance! But nature never forgives: when she is disregarded! The spring-harvest arrives with results which sadly surprises the unknowing ones. Many youthful years are wasted, tearshed, quarrels and petty jealousies soon upset their imaginary happiness, and show them the complete reality of their present life. The consequences have to whip out ultimately their petty annoyances, with the officially established authority of courts, or public opinion!

When mating has an economic base, all the noblest traits in either

sex are drowned in a sea of sordid gain and immediate security. The individual and social life stagnates wherever this mammonistic ideal holds sway. The environment becomes narrow, and as a conclusion, out of this degenerated complacency flows gossip, and the petty annoyances of other becomes the context of their conversations: they revel in the miseries of others, because their own superficial life allows NO DEPTH, and their pretence, elaborate artifices, and shame are used as a cloak to hide their uninstructed natures! Considering this fact: no one knows how badly we need individual culture for the present development! **Brace up!!!**

They seek with their ceaseless blackmailing to correct the movement of others, so that they may hide their stench which they can not detect. They abuse their normality of sex, because they have never been brought to understand its moral use! Instead of this, it should be a fountain from which all inspiration, which includes nobleness, courage, and compassionated companionship springs forth in translucent Beauty! But knowing this, and that, the sex normality becomes a general commodity for sale at the bargain counter for the price of the highest bidder! That nature which commands all beauty of evolved revolution which marks the eternal recurrence, ceases to be seen, because they have become estranged to her! That's no news, and yet still great puzzle to all! **Wake up!**

Prostitution has been set up on a golden throne, and all are bending their knees in worshipful adoration. The greatest human comedy today is the grand demonstration of ghosts in the form of old busy bodies, who intend to pretend the reflexion of eternal TRUTH, but in reality only poor weaklings, who have even ceased to function sexually. In such a pretended busy-bee occupation, they throw back their heads, as if to show their accomplished gladness, smacking their lips, while their back-thoughts are ever stuck deep down in the muck of prostitution. At the same time in their homes the self-made ideal of sex-sale is set up before the youth: to look toward in the near future! Nothing there: **but desert!!!**

What a farce to contemplate! Mateing for money sake! Marriage? sic! Mateing where the element of affection is absent, carries with it its own punishment!!! The flame of love can not be burning, where fuel is lacking: and this peculiar fuel can not be bought: it must reside in the make-up of the individual! **Fan it as you will!** The time soon arrives, when disgust acts heavy on the thoughts: then death is even preferable to life with such a gaudy pretentious stage setting! A cold, calculating nature is developed and nurtured: can it be in sympathy with, yes even understand in a slight degree, demonstrations, and loving manifestation of a couple nearing the little captain, called: Dame Cupid!

A parasitical state in marriage is the most degrading Dame occupation one can imagine! Relying on another for support, results in destroying all confidence and self-reliance! These human characteristics are only developed in the constant struggle of living forces. The clinging vine type has lost its usefulness in this world of a rushing work-a-day! Woe! To any nation which allows itself to drift along, disregarding all the basic natural laws of sex-life! It is playing its own funeral

dirge! Where? Where can be found a woman who can stand up and say: I want no more of your GOLD! I demand the best that is in you! Come forth and develop the best that is in you! Your physical fitness, your humaneness and understanding along these lines which will make for social betterment and improvement! Your money bags sway my heart to your side no longer! Our sex nature has been partially satisfied, and many times completely starved! Therefore I demand for my sex something more sublimely noble and more human! We now wish to live more completely with all the happiness that will bring in its trail: not an artificial semblance which we have taken for real in the past! As Woman attains to economic independence, sexual selection will become more balanced, and eventually we will find ourselves budding forth and blossoming out into a more complete life: hitherto unknown! Now get busy at the selected culture and forget the past!!!—April, 1917. Excerpts from the Gutter's Gossip of two contemporary outcasts

CREATION AND ABUSIVENESS!

Degeneration, irritability, destruction, composes intention, which calls for tranquil attention, and this for recountment of previous actions, so that the mind may catch the clearness for a new road, where the sensibility will carry a satisfactory justification for a strict regulation of the individual as well of the general onward march of this earthly life! Whatever history tries to teach us, it carefully had wrapped all the mysterious things in a bundle, and left it for us on a veiled track, on which we see the intolerance dancing its eternal dirgeful drama! Reversely it appeared, and had plunged the whole race in a terrible Maelstrom, in which mercilessness ruled the day! Each day had its own well christened and had upheld with mighty force a monotonous Habituation, and **woe** to the individual, **who dared even to point out at it!** Such a miserable composed condition had squeezed morally and mentally every member of the whole race to such a corner, where they had been forced to nurse faithfully the meager thinking! That led to a covered appearance, where each word expressed its own **LIE** in such a manner that it intentionally wanted to manifest: the absolute **TRUTH**! The word **as such** never could carry out the required manifestation, therefore it needed always some monstrosity as a threatening terror! That is the starting point of all speculation, which ought to help the tremendous difficulty to its required standard! History has no other point to show up, than an endless brutality in subjugation of the very necessary things for the daily life! That had been calling incessantly for the manifesting Loyalty to such an obstinate "God-installed" meanness, speculation! As these put up obstinate juggling never had worked properly, the meagerness as the collective power started such an institution where the main instruction concentrated itself on the positive direction of a new psychology, and indeed had planted that, what the speculative system required for to uphold its power! That made ex-

actly the whole race what the very nature of the meanness speculation fundamentally was, i. e., meager, mean, ignorant and ready for the most shameless INTOLERANCE! With such an otrosious brutality the system created indeed: **a new psychology!** But it reversed the pointing finger at its own deed, which can be seen on the wall: as the well known HANDWRITING!

Each one grew up in an atmosphere of laxity and pertness, in which they came gradually to lose all their instinctive uprightness, and harassed shamefully their appearance to such an extent, that respectability became: **Dog's Virtue!** This peculiar and characteristic virtue whirled in such a terrible Maelstrom, that even the **womb** became poisoned, and the inheritance had been indeed proclaimed the real ruler of the present, as well as of the next generation! That subjugated mercilessly—the people, and endless became the suffering!

Century after century this infliction invited the highest men of the officially acknowledged wisdom to reiteration of the fundamental statement of the well posted speculation, that is, subjugation and proclaimed inheritance ought to be the main support of the rulers' pertinent **LIE!** Then everybody had carried on their tongue the reinforced wise men's stipulation of inheritance: as the only means for their individual protection in the daily life! Private Sayings were only so far valued, as they had been willing to uphold, and glorify the generally acknowledged statement; otherwise: These Sayings became shameful victims, and reversely acted upon the whole community, as the striking fright, and had called commandingly for a truthful Loyalty! That disarranged surely the general communication, and the language became more and more allegorical, and mixed the words to such an extent, that it meant always a different point. From that time abusiveness flourished, and the progress for biological **LAW** forcefully stagnated, and voracious Haste ruled the day! There had been: **some Doing!** To contemplate? Yes!

Providing some one who is inclined for true clearness in the whole proceedings study it, and soon sees the exact significant fact of the impertinent speculation, and intend sincerely to create the very instinctivity of our predistined understanding in truthful sensibility as a necessity to the earthly life,—how far he has to go until he discovers the next following point? An inevitable topsy-turvy destruction of all them officially proclaimed "God-installed" Habituation, including the scepticism of the wise men's stipulation, which frequently indicates at the vices of lowest sort in Human nature!—Fan it as you will, and what has to come: **will appear!** There is no officially acknowledged Genius, at least a great statesman, who will be able to prevent the coming disaster, which will strenuously **sweep** the old customary Habituation! It is dreadful to see such a moster thing in one's own imagination, but what's the use: the conclusion of tranquil thinking stipulates such a situation, and we have to accept or reject it! Each turn remains to each individual: how he wants to work for the future of the human race!

There is no other way to go, than: action, or reaction! First is for the Good, and the last for the Worse thing we ever could imagine! Now get busy, and show up your own individual firmness! Whichever way you might decide to go, there will be tremendous fighting!—May, 1917.

CONVENTIONALITY, CUSTOM AND STAGNATION!

Do you lead the prosaic life, without a firm purpose to understand reason, and cast out the perturbation that finds a ready entrance into your thoughts: because the gates are open, and disturbs your equilibrium? Did you ever attempt to shatter the heavy iron-shakles that bind you in a stagnant swamp of commercialistic custom? If you did, you would find yourself in a mental torment, as to what people would think, and into what change of material circumstances you would finally slip. Smug complacency, and hatred of change gives demon fear,—a chance to enter without knocking! To look through the key-hole: Fear of change is the fear of endless struggle in overcoming obstacles, found in the unexplored path of life, you have never trod! Which takes hold—in or of—the thoughts of the peoples, he who being filled with conventionalities never will become mentally strong, on account of constant struggle with these obstacles, or he who throws them all away? By the way: What is an obstacle? An obstacle is a barrier which hinders the instinctive life's understanding to carry on its natural blossom, and is crippled by the incessant conventional agitation, which intends to overpower: that is officially branded, accepted by custom, and publicly proclaimed boastful manifestation! Pardon me: That's the work of a diplomatically created system, for to nurse the few selected and privileged ones, on no other account, than the very vitality of the whole population, and herein lies the cunning manifestation of a shrewd secrecy with flying flags, which impose the mighty power on this earth, and deliberately crushes the individual, and robs his instinctive reliance, confidence, faith in the life, and self-possessed uprightness! What a grotesque artificiality for creation of Might is Right, for only one purpose: to impress Loyalty, and ceaseless Fear! But can they do the things, and how long?

There is only one key to open the door of solution: an abrupt action, as to gain instantly the wished-for freedom! Move on fearlessly and you certainly will approach that moment of time, when you will realize that the obstacle which hindered your instinctive understanding of life: left you for a long time past! Then you will feel strong, and this positive recognition will fill your thoughts with lofty vividness, which will harmonize your mentality to such a cone that joyful song will fill your lips for the life! But if you follow the collective indicated path of easy access, then no new adventure and wonder will ever enter your subjugated life, and saddened stagnation will slowly and surely eat up what you had of the small amount of vital power, and initiative firmness, and the result must be:

Joining the rank and file of these unaccountable instinct-crushed beings, who mournfully totter to the abyss, there to take the chance of eternal recurrence! What a picture of destruction to contemplate! Can you think? Yes! Then go to it!!!

Change! Yes, indeed!! But not to wait on a chance!!! So it remains for you to leave the conventional cunningness, and acknowledge the instinctive understanding: which will help you to equalize the earthly life, as the primitive standard of biological LAW! If you will work ceaselessly in this line, your life must blossom! If you drop on the middle road, stagnation will reach you, which will give you the last death-stroke to all mental activity! Now as you have some indication for your own protection in this present, you can help yourself to the superfluous production of the unseeing power, which has to be realized from all the people: before they can enjoy the sweetness of present life! That will be the real life, and then only can you realize what the meaning is: of being a living shadow of death! Without this great contradiction there is no realization of our present mournful Going! **Wake up! The dead ones are not only in the cemetery!**—The mysteriously looking and frightfully acting SPUKES can be seen on Midday, when the sun shines gloriously! Just watch their silly shadow: they resemble the old forest OWL! Black as the night, with a glazy, whirling eye! Oh! What a wonderful creature to contemplate! Can you dodge yourself away from it? You certainly do wrong: when you do that! Get up, and do your duty!!!

Look carefully around your own body, and be courageous enough to feel that you are the lone star in the Milky Way otherwise called Human-Rushing! There and then you have to watch your own circle in which you are to whirl, with that little candle of present life, as the manifestation of the eternal indication for still greater stars and suns! That only—and don't you cheat yourself—would be the starting point of your own culture, which would uphold your equilibrium in such a manner: that no earthly power could shake it! Then only you will realize, what that means for your life: when you are not more afraid of the slime sneakthiefs, and other officially sustained rascals! Brace up!!!—May, 1917. Excerpts from the Gossip of two Blanket-Stiffs! Thank you for your kind attention: Au Revoir!

ELOQUENCE!

Attention! Get ready!! Shout!!! But, pardon me for a question, before you start: Will your vehement and sudden outcry concentrate itself defensively or offensively for or against Reaction? There you stay stagnant, and gaze with artificially meddled eyes, trying to suppress your trapped grime, transitory mask yourself, and utter obviously neutrality: without any maxims! That will not work properly in that manner which you selected, because you lack entirely the firm stand for or against the furious Reaction! Now after

you gave me your view-point, you still think and otrosiously wait, on my eagerness as to instruct you in the matters of assuming the probability, as to the voracious rapacity of the reaction. In this attitude I see, you are not a friend, and not an enemy, not true, and not false enough to me, and therefore I will mark you, on account of your pernicious grime, which side your equilibrium will turn: when the decisive time comes for the action! No matter how bitter and even dramatical this moment may be for me, I will have enough courage to fill my thoughts with overweighting scale for joyful wisdom, which will help me to see the complete contents of the present, as the positive indication of prophesy for the coming future! Knowing this significant fact, I will turn my time for an exact preparation in observation, investigation, calculation, analyzation of all those slowly actions of intransitory neutrality! I want to be firm in it, because the history proves positively this fact, that neutrality had been the mightiest base of stagnation, and therefore I will not cheat myself about the present, at least the future!

Just now, there you dare personally to point your finger at me: without any sayings! Your courage for the shouting decreases, and deliberately you are putting your flatly constructed feet at any possible development of eloquence. You are not an exception in this drastic case, and show me only your willingness, in sustaining the generally accepted attitude against eloquence. But believe me, you do not harm me with such dastard intention, because whatever you do decline in regard to the self-culture, that will follow your children's children! Not only that, but you will notice quickly, that you will be immediately battered, which will urge your malignancy in a neutral state of mind for a very peculiar decision, namely to accuse, and even to persecute me for my adoration of emphatic eloquence! Pardon me for a remark: the necessity for exact human understanding does not lay in my person, and the result will be, that you will persecute, and strangle yourself: **and not me!** Watch yourself, and more your incessant suffering, and prove to yourself, that this was your own cause, which you badly defended before the furious reaction, on account of lack of emphatic eloquence!

When I point this way, I will explain nothing because the time is past, where argumentation was daily occurence! Just listen: the daily disagreement is very popular nowadays! But this terrible infliction of the whole people does not lay in my adoration for the emotional eloquence, and has to be looked for in the misunderstanding of the badly modified language! Here you can not take away: one Jota! If you still insist and want to take the true fact, and be personal with me, that will only **instruct me: how we have to be separated!** The more separation, the more antagonism, and at last our life must become poisoned, which will bring instantly a wild uprising, **and must end: in a terrible tragedy!** That is not a joke, because you will see immediately a fearful suffering between the population, and on no other account, than: **on daily misunderstanding!** There is no difference to which social classification you belong, because you take the life like the rest: **gratuitously!** What a fright: **to recognize that monster!**

What do you think, what kind of an atmosphere will surround us? To **me dark**, and to **you pure**, but still for both lots danger near, and our thoughts full of boastful wickedness: that surely mark our match in eloquence! You laugh at me, or at your own exaltation? Not one thing concerns me, because your laugh or exaltation does not help me to love the life as it is! The more you will laugh and exalt yourself, the better I will adore the life, with childish fanning, so that my little eloquence will spread in greater and greater outbursting flame, until it will consume your spiteful indication, and signify me the sincere love for the life as it is! This is a little bitter, but for future purpose.

May be I do not know, what a blessing peace means for the people, but since the emphatic eloquence is crushed and banished, I am positive, that **horrors of malignant war must reach us both!** There is no switching! Then you will question in vain about the cause! But as you are naturally prone, and like to court the security for yourself, you will admire the risk in answering, and so slowly develop the very thing: **which you perniciously persecuted in me!** What a reversion in thinking: **when reason accompany you!** But now as the horror is surrounding us, you are still on watch for the individual spy! Wonder: if you will pick me up again: **instead your own affliction?** Now just turn your pail, and milk your own cow: **no** matter how bitter it may be! Be a dare devil just once!—May, 1917.

AN OLD CARPENTER'S PLANE SHAVINGS!

There he stands by that jointer, and shaves incessantly some boards, as though there wouldn't be anything else in this life worth while doing. But watch him, how he works. Steady he fixes his feeth with determined face, and once more he shaves. The shavings fly right and left, which hardly concerns him. In midst of that he pushes automatically away the shavings, and hastily places his feeth in the right position: with spasmodic determination he holds his plane, and shaves! Just watch him, how he tries to find the right kind of equilibrium, but at the same time to drive away from his thoughts some capricious notions! The better his intention is for to do that, the less balance and distraction he has, and the water-line of his board causes him great paining. Oh! Who would be able to catch that suffering mentality! However he may turn the board, grasp his plane, clean the shavings from the joiner, the relief seems to him far away. His inward impressed freak disarranges his nerve, and he becomes restless, but he knows: **that he can't run away!** There he has to stay, no matter how bitter the whole affair is! The longer he stays there, the stronger comes the thoughts for worse realization!

Seeing, feeling, and knowing his inwardly whim, he slowly, intentionally, and kindly stops for a moment, as to find the right kind of dope for his disarrangement. Then and there, he sees his little hammer, the circle, and even the water-scale: **just as wished for!** With joyful wisdom he grasps the one, the other, and the last thing, fixes everything in the right line, and the shavings are flying just so wonderfully as ever!

There is no lack on matter: but on an artist for that inwardly restless whim! That last is an invisible point, is no matter, and never wants to be handled: as such! That mysterious point, the old carpenter seems to know, but some or other way, he still insists to subjugate the invisible force through the matter! What an impudent conclusion, but what an idea: to misuse the matter, as to distract deliberately the invisible force! Wake up: and turn!

Endlessly he works, manipulates, artifices around the board, and ceaselessly shaves, and obviously manifests the shaped things, but eternally calls the capricious notion for distraction! The longer he artifices calculatively, the worse comes the inward restless freak! That causes even some time a general stop: he leaves his joiner, plane, and all shavings: wanders physically and mentally, as to catch some relief for that restless whim! First he meets some corner's idlers, whom he tempts for a talk. After a short and nonsensical talk, he finds those idlers very funny, and quickly leaves them, and enthusiastically praises his standard of mentality: because it seems to him, that the corner's idlers are far worse than his own restless whim! Once more he is alone, and wanders restlessly, as to catch the wished-for relief. Nothing doing: the repetition of that capricious notion comes stronger than ever. The suffering becomes unbearable, but something drives him forward, and he wanders! OH! What a long road he went!

It just happened once upon a time, that he got very tired, and as a rest-station he choose a cross-road corner. In a moment he felt fine, but soon remembered that corner-freak, which made him suffer badly! In midst of that, he saw a gold-scale, which held on one side the once-met freak, and on the other side his own capricious notion, which scaled even! That seemed to him very funny, but after some time of closer investigation very satisfactory! Therefore he felt very happy! He laughed, and, in midst of this agitation, he seemed to discover a new ideal! He wanted to carry it on:—BUT!—

Hereditarily and customarily he was condemned to his joiner, plane, and shavings: eternally he was compelled to search the riddle and relief for his inwardly whim! One and the other part of his doing brought him no satisfaction, but he still held both part as his natural occupation! He shaved, and he searched! In midst of it, he artificed, and even found great things, but never the relief for his capricious whim! Once more he shaved, and searched! After long time of doing the right habitual thing, he seemed to discover with his flying shavings: the absorption of the smaller stars from the great sun! That was the greatest sensation which he until that time saw or knew! He became very happy, and he laughed immensely, but at the unexpected moment: the inwardly whim spoiled the great enjoyment! He instantly became angry, and he chewed his life, but could not digest it! The suffering increased, and instantly he saw: that insanity was in his neighborhood!

Pardon me! There can not be any moral to such a fact, because the intention for a deed must bring forth a true word, and firm decision!

That would be the strict devotion to the present necessity, and all the stories, which bear so-called moral, could not invade anybody's life! If we are positive about the freak in us, we have to drop the shavings! Do it as it would please you, but be careful: **What you will do!** Remember: the misuse of the matter means: the unforgiving action of misusing the invisible force! That again means: that the freak still remained in us, and is ready to harass the situation, and manifest the eternal dramatic dance of: INTOLERANCE!—May, 1917.

DEDICATION TO MY FRIENDS MECHANISTS!

You all glorify your intended manifestation, as the only means of your pronely courted security, no matter how the long acquaintanceship suffers in excruciating pains! Perpendicularly you try to evolve, as to show the centralization of gravity where you stand, so that the manifesting demonstration may advertise itself greater, and that the enthusiasm may grow to a miraculously composed lofty vividness! To sum up the whole well manipulated intentions, the only purpose remains, and makes even: **without a well prepared sensation mankind would be badly striped**, and a terrible dolefulness would begin the rule of **mournful living!** That's the highest GOOD, which you incessantly propagated with your great inventions, and for that tremendous VIRTUE I sincerely honor you, and want to be with you in that perpendicular line, as the only means of present security: **no matter what kind of an unexpected terrible earthquake will reach us all!** Here I want to be very frank, and boldly signify my observation: that's the eternal LAW of masking oneself! The more you mask yourselves with ever new invention, the better I want to mask myself conscientiously, so that eternally there must remain some very curious question, as to the cause of ceaseless and effectual manifestation, which never can be **answered!** Therefore I call to you: Away with your Prophets! Away with all the Morality! Away with all the talkative corner idlers! But please hold on, on that once started inventive and ever so powerful manifestating demonstration: no matter what kind of name you enforce upon it: on the great day of christening it!

I am so little and objectless that you hardly can see me, but still as such I want preserve my predestined fate, and in midst of such visible infliction mingle politely in your greatest invention, and honorably glorify your intentional purpose: because only then I will hold my masterhood in my conscientiously acknowledged fate! The stronger you will manifest your inventive mechanism, the more sincerely I will honor you; no matter whatever on destruction of that invention may reach us all! You certainly all know, how far this point came, and even how far it intends to go! You explored and expropriated already every atom, as to use it for a moment demonstration! I could account all of them greatest invention, but you know them all: so I will save words, repetition, and you save time, as to be able to get the means after which you are hurrying! Selah!!!

You all my dear friends mechanists can see here my sincere candor, but this never will reach the border of vanity, because I am ready to await the moment of demonstrative destruction, which is inevitable on account of the contraversion of intentionally produced sensation! As you have in your Doing some well prepared VIRTUE, so have I too, and with it I honor your earnestly propagated manifestation of modern invention! Therefore I dedicate sincerely my view-point to all industrious mechanists, small and great, and will ever urge them for still greater invention, so that the manifestation must become furious, and even the impetuosity so extensive, that no inventive Genius with his kindliest warnings **will be able to stop**: the put up sensational conflagration of Human-Enthusiasm! Then I will conflagrate with you the great event, but soon as I can hide myself in a corner, and there to thank to my conscience: **that the rampant madness did not break out YET!** That's the way how I tackle my prone courtship for my own security at present! You know all: how this point is precious to all!

You see my dear friends mechanists, that I have no inventive power, and lack entirely the officially acknowledged road for a great genius, and therefore lack absolutely the correct ability of a BUFFOON! My mother was a poor lady, and on account of that she couldn't leave me as heir a famous wit, with which only I ever could amuse the many Cog-Wheels of that very strong stable machinery, otherwise known as the state, which endlessly forces the matter as a manifestation for a rigid Loyalty! In midst of that, I dearly love to forget all the praised ambition, and mask myself with abstruseness, so that nobody ever will have a specification of extraordinarily composed feelings, as to love me! That's the worst thing I can imagine for my enemy, but as I am absolutely without ambition for an inventive mechanism, I have to digest my own cooked meals for this life: no matter how these are poorly prepared! To be poor is bad: to be poor on ambition is worse: to be absolutely poor on invention, that's the worst thing a human being can heir as the only means for a Livelihood! Selah!

Dear friends! Did you ever hear of a plumpline? That's a funny question for your greatness of inventive genius! You see I am reversing on that perpendicular line, because my food for the life is getting worse and worse. Through such a meager nutrification I am getting so weak, that I lose my balance, and lack the ability for thrilling sigh; my hands totter in grasping: my tongue quibbles: my eyes twinkle: I need badly mercy! My nakedness in inventive mechanism becomes visible, and the present situation almost unbearable! Some time you uplift yourselves generously, and invite me for a rest, but instead you nurse me, you start to question me about my need! If you ever really mean to help me sincerely, so help me now: please quickly bring me some more masks! Selah!—May, 1917.

DEDICATION TO MY FRIENDS SENSUALISTS!

"If the things in which sensualists find pleasure could deliver them from the fear of the Gods and of death and pain, and could teach them to set bounds to their desires, we should have no reason to blame them, since on every hand they would be abundantly supplied with pleasures, and on no side would be exposed to any pain or grief, which are the sole evil." With this two thousand year old sentence, I greet you my dear contemporary friends, who still admire the perversity as means for Livelihood! I love you for your emphatic cheerfulness, and will gather the best and strongest adjectives in our big dictionary, for the modification of your well selected jurisdiction for the defence of the welfare of present standard of our ever steadily crumbling Morality! My Love for your determination will grow even higher: whenever I can check the incurable doubt about perversity I will conflate your judgment with branding statement for the economic necessity of our poor badly in need of subsistence brethren of Medical-Science! Here I even will overlook my own need in daily life! I know only too well how I am standing: I am one of the many whom the Goodness of Nature bestowed with inexhaustible source of frivolity: the monotonous daily transaction for security stupefied my sensibility to such a degree, that my progress for moral upliftment ceased: and from hour to hour I am slowly and painfully nearing the abyss. My once cautious fashion became niggardly, and so my tongue even likes to whirl in quibbling for judgment, as to express a dedication to your apparent probability of a long struggle for principle: in case of Morality! You are incessantly struggling with all available means of a well composed and supplied eloquence in spoken and written words, for the defence of Pleasure: no matter how terrible hard you have to juggle with the miserably constructed circumstances, as to grasp the jingling means for it! I honor you for that, and wish only, that you would push the craving point stronger, and still more obviously, so that our stupefied monotony reaches quickly the us awaiting abyss! For this purpose I recommend to you (although I contradict myself!), the most vigorous restriction of our brethren the Doctors, because in my badly qualified significance they spoil entirely the sensuality in that so well started agitation for the ever welcome Pleasure! I can not stand rightly, how they stipulate their indignant authorized sayings about pain, which they propose officially to cure, but indeed only prolong our rush for us awaiting abyss! You know, I am not the first, and not the last one, who is enlisting for your glorious judgment in regard the thousand years slowly crumbling Morality! There are standing gaping the least competent but nevertheless powerful and adherent army, the general public, waiting patiently for the last call, and final decision for the last battle: **Conquer or Down we go in the abyss!** Every minute of prolongation: **will spoil the Game!** That has to be taken in consideration, because stagnation eats us up!

Overlooking your forefathers for two thousand years, and your own present decisive command in preponderance for Pleasure, which they

fought so gallantly, and which you intend to fight bravely, I most certainly must signify: You crushed every development to any Philosophy! Crushed every Creed! Stagnated the road of recognition for Truth! Spained the whole educational system! Poisoned the sensibility for a straight forward Look! Perverted the transaction of daily bread! Lured the Youth for easy access. And lured the man for endless blood-thirst! All these you have done in the name of a well supported principle, namely sensual Pleasure! **Well done!** But as Morality is still raising slowly its head so to speak Stoically, and as I imagine some more voracious trouble, I beg you old Warriors to sharpen stronger and more obviously your already well supplied eloquence for a final decisive battle! You never had been disappointed in your onward-rush so I expect sincerely: a wonderful and miraculous Challenge! **Dare now or never!** You need not trouble yourself about any account as to regard of a risk, because you have the insipid majority behind you, who have the intrinsical Power of Might is Right! This you OWE dutifully to your thousand years old principle of Pleasure! I urge you sincerely to hold your integrity, as the only means for upholding the flying banner of Pleasure: no matter how a corner's idler may defend Morality with his obnoxious wabbling! Defend heroically Pleasure, as the only great saving of us poor simpletons! It does not matter how great pain may follow the bloody battle! The eternal fuss between Morality and Profligacy has to end sooner or later! The sooner it ends, the better for all of us! The monotony of endless doubt is getting our Goat! We are whirling and can't find a safe port, otherwise called: Sweet, sweet Home! The world is getting too round for us, and we come always back to the same point: but there is still raging the fuss about Morality and Profligacy! We poor simpletons can't stand more in such a mood of transitory visions! Therefore my dear friends and Heroes of Pleasure, please gather all your old well armed Guards and on: to the final Battle!—May, 1917.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND THE GIPSY!

Motto: There the gallows, rope and hooks,—And the hangman's beard is red;—People 'round and poisoned looks,—Nothing new and nothing dread!—Frederich Neitzsche.

Let me seize the point: history and Gipsy! No matter what history reports, about falling stars, kingdoms, and other dignified Moralities, it lacks certainly the proof about the source of my dear friend: the Gipsy! That's what I like, and for that I dedicate my eloquence to HIM! You are the only real unconquered hero, who exceeds everything in this world, and in your bravery I find my source of Hope! You never had the starting time, place or space, but in spite of this significant stipulation you roam this planet, as if you would be sure of your predestined security: no matter how strong the institutional infliction knows to harass you! It is true you lack all the supply of aesthetical moderation, but something overshadows you anyhow, which let me think figuratively: on your

predestined fate! Therein I nurse my mentality, and keenly repose, as to be courageous enough: to catch up my own fate! In this position nothing batters me, not even the great witty majority with its eternal rushing for the jingling means, which they so badly need for their Pleasure! Just there starts my intellectual development, but right there too a terrible infliction for a dramatic scene! That's what I had observed always in you: my dear Friend Gipsy!

Believe me, I am not the first at least the last one, who is observing closely your magnificent victory! Your sturdy nature seems to totter over all the most miserable road of human traveling, but still there you show a victorious Will: which fights tremendously for Might! You are for me the greatest artist, although you never claim such a little thing! The more failure you have, the better I love my own ceaseless failure: no matter how we both have to mask ourselves with vulgarity, as the only means for our daily security! That looks surely desperate, but life's base is rocking eternally on the LAW of necessity, and not on Pleasure or VIRTUE! Therefore, we both simply want to digest the life, as a means for certain purpose! It seems to me that we both know, beneath us deep in the ground is raving a tempest, which drives us for intellectual elevation, no matter how the institutional command may sound for stagnant state of mentality! To hold the power for present equilibrium is the highest determination for recognition of visionary necessity, which piles centuries upon itself! Many brave heroes had collapsed before this monster institutional warnings: recovered, turned, and served the red-bearded hangman! But you, my dear Friend Gipsy, reposed before collapse, and laughed at all warnings: went further, regardless of your lonesome going, where the weapon of private and institutional boarder showed you the desert! Calmly you accepted the indignant Challenge, as if knowing how the Loyalty is far more dreadful than desert! With such an acknowledgement you rounded the world! Sometimes in midst of your traveling the sun disappeared, the burden became heavy, the death near, but it seems to me, all these lured you to your own understanding of realized freedom! You have my compassionate friendship! Selah!

What a glorious road you went for centuries, and still you are whirling, and to all this uncertainty you can't show visible Goal! For a moment I stop, and think! Then I have no chance to wonder for your disqualification. Your name had been and is badly despised, and nobody is willing to think: about your own thinking! That significant fact shows me how far goes the individual expectation for freedom!

Undoubtedly your life became twisted, but with your incessant stubbornness, still keener, inventive on side-tracks from all social institutions. In midst of such a ceaseless whirling you produced fear upon the on-looker, but then even admiration! The greatest genius protected you, although the multitude despised you, but nothing changed your thoughts! Ever repeatedly you lived your glorified thoughts of freedom, and joyfully laughed when gallows crossed your road!

What a glorious exclusion from present rushing, but how could I mark the cause of your centuries old and striking thoughts? Oh! what

a torture for me! You are a naughty human being! No history can bear you, and philosophy can not **smell you!** And yet when I observe your swift, shrewd, cunning and even astrological loquacity, I recognize in your spoken words **that you fraternize** with Jupiter and Uranus! On that I imagine your thoughts, but can't grasp its intellectual base! I would like to talk with you about this peculiar viewpoint, but you become so quickly profoundly transformed and know how to play a **skittish colt**, who runs away without **giving a reason for it!** That gives me some suggestion, which I have to answer for myself: no matter which road I have to travel on this earth. Either I have to reach you, or I will exhaust myself in the attempt! I shiver in my undertaking, but what's the use, so long as I want to reach you! **I must become astral!** Away with that fear, which wants to impress: **death!** Therefore, quick for that hook: the **LAW of change!** Away with all Midday OWLS!!! Selah!—May, 1917.

CIVIC SCIENCE!

Look at the vast amount of our well-sorted and piled-up statute books. It is indeed a marvelous sight! Yes, I could even go further, these manifold books if compared, could represent a mightier Pyramid than we know of! The Pyramids are representing the ancient intellect, and expressly tells us of some certain mathematical stipulation, although we don't know what that might be! Correctly to overlook that marvelously constructed ancient sight, which stands in desert for thousands of years, and bears the strongest tempests, indicates to us a mighty collective organization which ruled squarely and reached its significant cone! Undoubtedly there worked the highest intellect! Figuratively to sum up, I can imagine some very important indication as purposely stipulated warnings, but lack the knowledge of it! There is only the vast naked structure, **without any moral story bearing to it!** Once more I meditate. At once some terrible raging fever shakes me with a thousand different kinds of emotions! With such indescriptive transformation I reverse, and see our statute books. These books we have composed surely and printed intentionally for some purpose, and when I am not mistaken for justice in regulation of human affairs. Touching such a suspicion, I see a mighty weapon, which rules mercilessly! Undoubtedly that could be done only then, when the highest intellect puts its coolly composed thoughts upon it. Everything is there figuratively calculated intention. For this purpose the highest intellect worked with circumstantial evidence, as manyfolded well-selected treatises wrapped up in exemplified and well-ordered grammatically composed discourses! Their magnificent topics shines with polished manners, steadily employing the **clearest reason**, as their **only** definition,—and each division has so many well-ordered paragraphs, for which exists a special school, as to manage easily and orderly their intentional purpose! In this mighty organization they shine brilliantly in details, and their well-spoken diction becomes a stable

fiction, which puzzles the multitude and indeed creates indescriptive manifestation! **That's the state!** The state obviously represents the economy, courage, friendship and justice, and as such urges diplomatically each individual for the same thing, and for what it **promises a reward** in security for wealth, health, power, and individual happiness in secluded boarder of **privacy!** There is nothing else behind it: but promise for lavish Pleasure! Things contra: Life! Selah!

In this lure the highest intellect rocks itself gladly in sunshine of mid-day conscience, which is blessed with the greatest ecclesiastical ceremony as the significance of the Almighty Creator of the whole universe! Further can not go the explanation, but promise and purpose goes hand in hand! To put a reversion upon the whole revolving manifestation, and start with Plato to our modern statesmen, there is not one word mentioned in the whole vast amount of our statute books: as to, who pays the expenses of that tremendously organized management of that lured-for Temptation and following Pleasure! The highest intellect for two thousand years bowed before Plato, as the greatest manager of statute books, and therefore as greatest Philosopher! Likewise Plato, they acknowledge their security in the statute books or state: **before that intemperate multitude!** They claim in the statute books that the vulgarity of the multitude must be **quelled** with a well-armed Might, and no imitation allowed of it! Figuratively speaking, the whole pretended Philosophy of the statute books concentrate itself on the preservation of the state! Exactly the same thing as the preservation of the Pyramids! Centuries worked with promise for the only purpose: the security of the statute books, and with them the state, and **ambitious intellect!** For this purpose there was **no lack** on sacrificing of general life of the species human being for the statute books and state: behind which the intellect as claimant of philosophy flourished in pompous brilliancy! Just look at them!!!

Yes, indeed, the Civic-Science is a great study, especially when the student knows how to split hair on the promise for intentional purpose, and the paving part of it! Since that became surely the indication of righteous unveiling of the God-protected statute books, I must confess sincerely: that the promise is for the individuals **who unconcernedly and joyfully carry on the diction for the intentional purpose, and that means: to install mercilessly a subjugation upon the multitude!** The multitude became the real scapegoat of the statute books! Therefore it seems to me, here arouses some side viewpoint to that pretended philosophy, namely a mightier claimant is appearing who indignantly and abruptly starts to claim the right for life of the species human being: as controversy to statute books or state. Should that mean an offense on Plato and his followers? I will think it over! I will calm myself and meditate more about the Civic-Science! Soon as I will be ready in divisional sortings, I will start my sneaky voyage between the highest intellect, so as to convince them about the meaning of the word Philosophy! They shall soon know that they can not misuse the word for ill-directed purpose of selfish brilliancy in secluded boarder of **privacy!** Either Philosophy means the

art of living or nothing! That's the way how I want to use the study of Civic-Science from now on! Selah!—May, 1917.

HIS TIMIDITY!

When Aurora is gathering the stars, and the sun comes slowly beyond the horizon, then reaches him a mysterious darkness and stillness, which dopes him so strongly that he is almost dead to the world. Just then a furious sound of an automatic mechanism awakens him. For a moment he looks dreamingly, stretches his stiff restless bones, as meaning to himself more sleep would not harm, but soon discovers an unexpected vibration, which reminds him of his social forcedness, **which does not allow any recollection!** The time for a certain limit of rest is set, and when the remembrance of the social weapon comes urgently, he makes slowly but surely his move. There is no one who could watch him closely and so happens that his started recreating meditation contradicts the remembrance of the social weapon. Then half angered and half driven, he starts obnoxiously like a gravigrade who is in his own way for further move. Not knowing at that moment for whom that grouchy feeling is, he instantly braces up, laughs heartedly at such a funny day's starting. Automatically he finishes his little things, and rushingly leaves for the fulfillment of his order in social environment. Faithfully he arrives at the place, where he is engaged in molding the social environment. There is no dodging, and he has to acknowledge that the molding is so strenuous that it shakes his nerve to the point of exhaustion. That causes surely a grief, and he feels great pain all over his body. That presses carefully upon his mentality silence and vengeance, **as to the cause of the pain!** He knows that somebody is the cause of it, and therefore he intends to be rebellious, but soon realizes the importance, **WHY he is there**, and so patiently endures the terrible pain, **but preserves the vengeance for some other time!** This well-calculated acknowledgement changes forcefully his firmness: necessity to cure the cause of the pain becomes called for negligence! and his reversing vibration causes momentous aspiration, which hurles his tongue for talk, but prevents the thinking on the cause! The result is, that he talks instantly as he works, namely exhausting demonstratively, **as to express his importance at the molding of environment!** That goes so far until the trustee of it stipulates his unimportance, and **instantly throws him out!** Then he calms himself: thinks regrettably of such an unscrupulous deed, but more of his own mistake, which seemingly caused the whole unwelcome affair. That reverses his lulling vengeance, **but as his well-pleased Pleasure is at bay**, he looks timidly around, as if somebody heard already his thoughts! Such a mysterious thing exists, which he knows, and even know, that the walls tell the funny story of the **handwriting on it!** This impression is almost too strong for him, but he must stand it!

Again the silence overpowers him, and drives him for distraction of it, and the whole affair of mysteriously constructed facts! He strolls,

looks, grieves, and is seemingly afraid to confess to himself the real viewpoint of necessity for the clearness of the cause of pain, and so comes that it shakes uninterruptedly his whole body. One fact follows the other, and he is exposed to the terrible pain, which, **molds slowly but surely his mentality!** In it is nothing good, nothing bad, at least moral or profligate: he follows fluently and submissively the pain, and so suffers immensely as well **avoids unconcernedly the cause of it!** There is no Hope for release of pain, except to await silently the next opportunity, where he expects to **catch** his welcome Pleasure, as the only cure for his pain! Such a calculated intention produces sluggishness, and this produces rigid timidity! Reversely he nurses the faint-heartedness, and even thinks, and wonders sometime, that the suffering is **not still worse!** He works again, and strolls, and studies his terrible infliction, but never dares to touch the cause! There is no need of words: but of abrupt action against the cause of his pain! So he lives, and nurses carefully his timidity, as the only Chief-Good of his life! No one can reform his rigidity! Such is his life: **No Hope!**

To put the whole thing in a straight line, I want to mention only so much: there is no such thing, that a human being is born timid, because whichever direction one may look in life, there he can see that the instinct works correctly on the development of any species! The LAW surely applies to human beings **too!** But when its development of growing is in progress, the intentionally created environment crushes the fundamental Chief-Good in the body and then in mentality, and the poor creature is exactly finished for a raving purpose! That's the starting point of Degeneracy, and famous nursery for a powerful and merciless Commander on the other side! Degeneracy can not be cured with any moral preaching, at least brutal quelling, because the effect can not be cured before the cause! Therefore away with the cause of such a terrible effect! Sooner or later that point has to be taken in obvious consideration, and straightened to the right position of instinctive development, as the only necessity for the preservation of the species: Human Being! That's not much asked, only shortly indicated!—May, 1917.

THE TOILERS!

The dreams of the toiling mass are many,
But the greatest we are striving to realize yet;
But the masters' nature are deceitful and cunning,
For they take away our food and our breath.
We plead for work; repellingly they tell they haven't any.
Into streets their gunmen drive us to meet death.

To fight for home and freedom and starving to death
While our wives and babes cry out for bread,
While the unemployed tramp through sleet and wet
And when we ask for food a club upon our head.
More gold, more dollars must the slaves' blood sweat,
And if that's not enough they fill us with pills of lead.

O mighty wage slaves, thou as a sleeping child
Through thine own endeavor thou shall on the dawn
From out of this system which is wolfishly wild
Into that new economic freedom of industrial morn
From the mills, mines and factories must keep our child
So the workers for the wolves no more babes be born.

The end of this wolfish system is coming to pass
Under capital might is right and earth to them belong.
Awaken ye sleeping toilers of the wage class,
Without food we are weak, with food we are strong;
There is still hope in this sleeping wage mass,
Tramp on, ye wage slaves, tramp on, the road is long.

They say they are Christ-followers, as brutes with us they deal,
In the name of humanity we know they are wrong.
Our homes and our children's life's blood they steal;
Their force is church, state and gun by right belong,
And every time we lift up our voice their claws we feel.
Awaken ye of the wage class to the economic wrong.

The disinherited drift on; drift on, God only knows where,
To slums, we toilers knew as a living hell,
Lice, starvation, foul diseases are the reward slaves find there.
Rock piles, poorhouse, potters' field their sad story does tell,
For life's struggles and pains find resting place bare
Instead of loving and serving life in the grave we find it there.

—Seattle, Washington, June, 1915.—The unknown Poet:
Black shadow from the gutter.

ALMIGHTY GOLD!

Who said we worshiped any God but Gold?
He lied! I'll tell him to his face
We still kneel down to that false God of old
That has so long deceived our race.

Men go to battle many millions strong
To kill their neighbors 'cross the way;
They would not do it merely for a song
But only for their God: their PAY!

Men save IT up, horde IT pile by pile,
For which he gladly sells his youth
And causes pain untold to human lives
A bargain where all parties lose.

Some beings sell their very tree of life
For GOLD which is but as its shade;
They give their all and get but painful strife,
And that which can't exist when the deal is made.

The GOD OF LIFE or LIVING GOD soon leaves
The ones who do not serve him first
Serve Gold and fall as do the autumn leaves
Serve life and life will quench your thirst.

—January, 1917, Los Angeles Cal.—A Shadow: Christian Aryan
or vise versa.

A DREAM!

Now to think, I have accomplished my mental task: to think I had the energy in this human carcass of mine. Starting to work in the dark, five in the morning and stand over a foul garbage can, smelling the oozing spirits emanating therefrom. Believe me, if you would like to realize this awful odor and smell as I do from influence of the environment of this swill barrel, as I stand over, you must do the same things as I am doing, if you would understand me! All kinds of odors emanating from the corners and different parts of the room, filth gathered by years of use and no one desiring to clean it. Rats, cockroaches and the odor of my clothes covered with vermin and I washing the dishes, that human beings delicately enjoy and feast as the French Chef serves his roasts and stews upon, and sophisticated human animals, ignorant, not knowing what goes on behind the closed doors:—please do not shock our sensibility!

As I was saying, to think that I, a human outcast, one of these things made by God! I do not know how it came to exist—God knows, but I do not think it is within the means of human nature to solve how one of God's creatures could get into such a condition as to make his manly existence in a human sewer. This is one of the conditions that we human beings must put up with, suffer and die, but do not talk about it. As I was saying, completely exhausted by the day's work, I was glad to get out of one of humanity's hells and get a breath of nature's air—the only thing the human society did not compel me to pay for, because they did not know how, otherwise they would! As I stood in the dark, thinking of the long fourteen hours with my eyes blinking, at the flickering electric arch-lights, feeling the small change in my pocket, the amount of twenty-two cents, knowing that some dirty lodging house with more vermin, dirty mattresses and unsanitary sheets would receive my God-made body to repose on. Conditions brought about by human ignorance and indifference for human welfare. As I entered the low and dark entrance, with the dirt and grime-bespattered walls, trying to see who run the foul human institution called lodging-house, I turned to my right and asked my nearest neighbor with one eye and a broken nose—perhaps he got it from some love-feast or drunken brawl—who was the "gink" that run

the joint? He pointed a dirt-begrimmed finger at a red-headed pink-eyed ferret-like face, with no teeth, blinking all the time, with a sarcastic grim, asking what price bunk did I want, or if I wanted a flop. Flops were 15c and bunks were 20c, taking all but the 2c, leaving me where I started the day before. This ferret-like creature lifted a smoking lamp and said to me: Follow me up these stairs; on account of the darkness, and as I ascended I began to hear snores and groans. The ferret-like proprietor turned to me with a ferret-like grin, lifting the lamp so he could see my pale ghost-like face. He said to me: "I hope you will enjoy your night's rest! Leading me to a dark corner near what was once called a window, pane gone and dirty rags taking its place, fearing the pure night air, they might catch cold. As I struck a match to pull down the bed covering I could see that I was going to have interesting company, known as bugs in human form and lice, and bedbugs in animal form. I could not see whether the original color was white or black. I wanted to flee, but I had to go back to that garbage environment, swilling the dirty dishes for other lazy human beings. As I turned my attention back to this filthy couch or flop, I began to hear the rain playing a tattoo on what was once a window. Like a true soldier and cringing all the time, I rolled into this couch, and the odor from it and grease upon clothes from the dishes was indescribable. But nevertheless it was a stink! Feeling a horror as I drew the foul covering over me, for I began to feel cold, exhausted both physically and mentally, it did not take long for me to drop into a restless exhausted slumber, and I saw myself walking in fear down what seemed to be a road, conscious of a fear as if I wanted to run, for I could hear great noises and see great flashes of light! Just then the darkness was dispelled and I saw men, women and children and dogs fleeing as if some terrible unseeing force was driving them on! Astonished I gazed, but just then my attention was drawn to a great roar, clashing like thunder, and I looked to see from whence it came, and I beheld a great ball of fire in the heavens, shooting across the horizon with a hissing sound, and disappeared! Wondering at the grotesque display, again I saw a great flash burst forth and a roar as if a thousand cannons had exploded, and then a great shout from those in the MOB who were behind me, and as I looked upon them what an awful sight I saw! Some had lost their arms, some had disappeared, others with blood streaming down their faces, others disembowelled and their intestines scattered over the road. As I stood and became conscious of myself midst all this terror that surrounded me, bewildered and amazed at the utter confusion, wondering in my bewilderment why I did not receive a scratch! Amazed at this miracle, I began to look for a solution, but just then all disappeared and vanished. Then I heard a voice like a command saying: Who are you? But I remained silent and I felt as if I was lifted from my feet, by unseen force, and rushed forward as if carried by winds. As I could not realize what had been done, because it was too quick to think over it. But soon I was dropped into a large, magnificent room filled with beautiful men and women: they seemed to smile upon me, but then a voice as if from one in authority or leadership gave a command for

silence, and turning its attention upon me and it spoke forth: My son, listen to me, for I have great news for you! We are here to free and protect you from that which is evil! We are the army of progress, freedom and civilization, and if we lose, all goes down with us—that means for betterment of the human race! We have struggled to knit together all that is noble and good, beautiful and pure. Therefore we must and will and are determined by our military knowledge and self-sacrifice of our people, to win this world's battle! Now all I want to know: if you are with us? Hazy like before my eyes appeared light or flaming words and sentences: the people! As I reached to clasp all that had been spoken, the voice vanished and all became dark. Immediately a light illuminated the room and it was empty and oh! how its stillness bore down on me! Immediately a great illumination of powerful inspiring light and a voice came from it, as a form began to materialize. Though stern and powerful, it looked down upon me; but as I continued to look, there was a change which came upon it. Its face looked sweet and sad, and a voice full of sweetness but sorrow spoke and asked this question: "Why do you suffer? Are you not in darkness, ignorance, lust, selfishness and carnal desire? Why do you cry on me? Am I not purity, innocence, love, perfection, poise, equilibrium, wisdom and understanding? If you desire me, seek me by—!" Just then I heard a voice, as I began to awaken amongst my filth and the ferret-like-eyed face with the lamp, standing and holding over my head, growled at me, saying: "Hey guy! if you are going to work get out of that bunk!" Immediately I realized that I was only dreaming.

Moral: If there is anything you want or desire in this world, stop dreaming and go to work so as to realize it!—May, MCMXVII, Los Angeles, Cal. The Social Outcast.

RELIGION

Buddhism, Brahmanism, Mohammedanism, Christianity: 12 Churches in East:—First Three Centuries After Christ's Death.—

315-325:—Constantine the Murderer!

In order to understand Religion, we must study the history of man, and therefore we have to begin at the bottom; that is, his relation to nature. Religion has always been a mystery, but to know it we must study the forces in man's nature, that manifests itself to us, known as passions, emotions, feelings, love, hates, conscience, beliefs, fate, hope and desire. The first is the nature worship, that is glorification of matter, which represents stones, trees, water, fire, sun, moon, stars, wind and various manifestations, such as the sighing of the leaves, as if hearing voices or mental phantom. Worshiping the day, fearing the night, as then the spirits of darkness roam the earth. Easter, the turn of Spring or when the dead come to life, the teachers of the Bible for thousands of years have not been able to explain the mystery of manifestations in nature. Their theory is entirely based on pure superstition, because they

begin with elements or what we might call nature manifestations, or if there is a God, we should return the effects back to the first causes, or an assumed something unseen working behind nature and the workings of nature in and through matter are his or its manifestations. All reasonable beings know there is not and can not be an effect without a cause. Starting at the cause and working up to an effect to demonstrate our conclusion of results of causes, then only our theories would be substantial. All students must study metaphysically these speculative theories, at the same time methodical and theoretical system of philosophy. If you would take and open your Bible and carefully look through the four Gospels, I most sincerely do think that you can not find any reason which could be applied to the endless argumentation of metaphysic's supporters. The sayings of Jesus are so simple that a schoolboy can understand them. According to this fact, I am inclined to ask this question: Who introduced metaphysics as a base to study the simple teachings of this man called Jesus? Some liars, some tricksters, I suppose as there are so many in the world. Of course, the Bible says so and it must be so, has put the world upside down. Now in order to study the life of this man Jesus, we must start at the root of the Jewish race. We must study their history. That includes their customs, habits, religion, literature, documents and their philosophy. Then only are we able to prevent most serious confusion, which could harm us! To think of it there is a vast difference between beliefs and human experience, and with this we look around at the world of things and man's nature, his achievements, history and his long struggle up from savagery to the state he is now in for human betterment, and trying to prove his standard as a reasoning being; that man cannot advice so long as he is willing to uphold the dreadful ignorance that history tells the awful story of, from the savage, barbarous and dark ages, and that must go before intolerance can be done away with. Christianity has a history and we as students must study it, from the time of Christ down to the catacombs, and the millions slaughtered by pagan Romans, and its rise to absolute rule of the world destiny. The open minds must be first impressed with the deeds from the Jewish, then the Arian church, the well-known Catholic side of it, then the reformation and Protestant side, at last but not least histology, known as the scientific way of studying all history for facts. Our purpose of studying history is to get at the base, as to be able to find there the long-searched-after truth! The Christians and Reactionaries have been struggling for years, while nature goes right on and works out its purpose. Seemingly as if it does not care who is right or wrong, after all these ages of man's struggle with destiny on this earth. I should think the way to explain life's riddle is a complete study of man's nature, and purpose and martyrdom, and evolution, to learn if he had a special creation, he is still groping in the uncertainty of nature's way for purpose.

Now let us turn to our subject. We all know that man does exist, did exist and seemingly will exist. Man has a book which he calls the Holy Bible, and he claims for it a divine origin and that it is the inspired word of God. This is his belief and he has fought for it and shed the

blood of millions. Further he boastfully claims that his God is a Spirit, as well as all-perfect and love. Taking this as a base to begin, we must take in consideration the natural as well as the human side of it; compare man's history with it, and then compare man's nature with the three kingdoms (mineral, vegetable and animal) of the earth. Therefore we must be patient and inclined to wait until we are able to see, if there is any claims to evolution as the reactioners claim, in the world of things (matter). By close study we are sure of arriving at a sane foundation, and if so we are soon included to realize that it is historically true pertaining to their struggles and habits as well as customs and their sincerity and religions. If arriving now at a base to begin our study we must take the religions of that time, which had been the cause for the history of the early church called the Arian church and its history is appalling to get at least which seems to be a good ground to work on. The most reasonable works to study is Josephus' history of the Jewish antics. Referring to the nature of man, we find in the Bible a statement that all men are liars, and believe me that when we read history it seems to bear out this stipulation about men and prevents the accomplishment of the realization of men's ideal in a practical way; but as our inquisitiveness urges us, we might ask sincerely, that when all men are liars, what is the reason for that statement? The reason for such a statement is, that those wise men as they knew the nature of man and it was a plan for the students of human nature as a beginning, for their studies; in other words, to make young men weary and skeptical in dealing with their fellow men. That's an unforgiving fact, which leads us to a more difficult investigation. Nevertheless the reason for men to lie is to cover up their selfish motives, if every man in his own conscience reflects incessantly on human nature as well as to general life. This is a most important reason, that lovers of truth are very careful when they refer to historical researches, and generally are sincere and reason until they are completely satisfied in their investigation. Now in order to begin to work as to find a reasonable ground for this historical phenomena, we must start with the Christian's belief and manifestations: First—Law! First that there is a God, and that he created all life and the man with a free-will and stipulated how the man should live by making and giving him a free-will, and if he obeyed he should receive an undescribed reward, as the starting point to a place, which is to him known as the Heaven. Wherever this place should be, he is unable to explain, in spite of his thousand-years-old study of metaphysics: And Egotism! Turn to the Bible. Does it not express the place: The kingdom of God is at hand! If this is reasonable to accept, let us begin to look for and find it.—April, MCMXVII. The Social Outcast.

